NEWS OF ART, ARTISTS AND ART DEALERS

IT was Sir Benjamin Backbite, was it not, who recommended a little vice to Lady Teazle for mere practicality's sake? The entirely innocent person, through pure innocence, is liable to get into astounding situations and is certain to be misjudged by the world, whereas an ever so slight acquaintance with sin seems to teach us at once what attitudes we may safely adopt for the public.

Looking at the affair from the worldly viewpoint of Sir Benjamin, one must acquit Paul Poiret of any deliberate intention to acquire oceans of free advertisement from the effect the strangeness of his ideas made upon the interviewers. At the same time his defence is difficult, for the question involves a divorce between art and business, which is always hard for English speaking races to understand, and also M. Poiret is really too innocent, with the innocence of an artist, the worst kind.

He is a very great artist, working in costumes. To hold the costume in place and to give it motion (and fully half the charm in a great costume is the motion) an extremely rich lady is necessary. It happens that more rich ladies spend a portion of the winter with their husbands in New York than in any other endroit in the world, and by a set of curious chances most of M. Poiret's costumes are set in motion in the region immediately nearest Central Park, south and east.

It is impossible for the serious artist who has "lived" a portion of himself into his work to resist always the desire, which must be strong in proportion to his seriousness, to see his creation against its ultimate background. "I came to America for a vacation, not to be shown off in anybody's shop window," he explains. "I wanted to see for myself whether American women understand my styles and how they wear them." Nothing could be more reasonable. It is so axiomatically true and understandable that comment would have been unnecessary had not our interviewers (the best in the world too) become confused by the simplicity of it.

M. Poiret knows that the one great danger to the artist is overproduction. Dreadful modern examples have not been lacking. Everybody in Germany weeps whenever Gerhart Hauptmann's name is mentioned, and there has been more than one effort to suggest to him through his friends that he should take a complete rest, say for five years, before attempting anything fresh. And there's D'Annunzio, who goes in his haste from bad to worse. Probably M. Poiret himself was among those who were insufferably bored by "La Pisanelle" last spring and could moralize upon it with the best if he chose.

There has been, however, a great deal of space accorded to M. Poiret in the daily press. It constitutes, willy nilly, advertisement. Advertisement, they say, means increase of business. Increase of business is what M. Poiret must not accept. He has no intention at present of accepting it. But hitherto he "has been tempted too little to fall," to quote the late Mayor Gaynor. Can he continue to resist? There is always the danger. Londoners continue to assert that Mrs. Pat Campbell has never been quite the same since her little American excursion. Paris will be uneasy until she gets her M. Poiret back again and assures herself that he be safe and sound and uncommercialized.

Mr. Kleinberger has not yet decided upon the galleries in which he will show us his latest sensational purchase, the famous De Ritter collection of Dutch paintings. So important a group of pictures, including as it does three superb Rembrandts and two fine Hals, merits the finest in the way of backgrounds. The eighty-seven pictures are mostly of cabinet size, but nearly every one is a choice example of the particular master. Dr. Bode made an exhaustive study of this collection and his catalogue with descriptions, photographs and historical data was published in Germany in 1910. Mr. Kleinberger is having an English translation of this work prepared, which will be ready in a few weeks.

The early English embroideries just placed on view at the Museum illustrate a curious phase of art. At first glance they almost seem not to be art at all, but curiosities; but the ladies among the art critics who were summoned the other day to inspect them were quick to cry "beautiful" and finally some of the weaker sex, as G. B. Shaw calls them, were heard to use the same adjective. Enough specimens of the work are shown to illustrate the beginning, the rise and the fall of the curious work, or let us say art, for the end shows clearly that its finish resulted from the same malady that finishes all art movements—complexity.

The beginnings of the work are carefully embroidered allegories of biblical subjects painstakingly wrought by cloistered ladies with an incredible number of stitches to the square inch. They approached as closely as their needles permitted the familiar model of the tapestry. Then some gentle nun hit upon the device of emphasizing portions of the work by raising it in relief. This became the "Stump" work that flourished in the days of the Stuarts. A piece of wood was cut to the size desired and the silks were drawn across it. The extra showiness of the new work captivated everybody and the idea was carried out to the limit.

The doings of the different Stuart Kings are reflected in the designs, but so vaguely that a historical verification is impossible. For instance, Charles I. and Henrietta Maria are seated at table and Henrietta Maria stretches out her hand to a platter presented by a lady-in-waiting upon which apparently a human head reposes. Charles I., who truly had a sensitive nature, if one is to believe the Vandyck portrait, turns his back in horror. Charles II. appears in the swagger top boots which were the latest, very latest cry from Paris and by which, in consequence, the exact date of the embroidery has been established. All the dates, in fact, of these pieces can be closely approached, so clever have our modern experts become in the arts of attribution.

One of the most amusing events of last summer in Paris was the "contradictory" lecture of Boccioni. Boccioni is a sculptor of the band of Italian futurists that is directed by Signor Marinetti, the poet. Signor Marinetti is also supposed to finance the movement, and indeed some financing is necessary when galleries like the big one of the Rue la Boetie are hired for a season and broadsides and books are hurled generously at all Paris.

The lecture began later than the advertised 9 o'clock and every one had a chance to study the "works" on display.

With All the Free Advertising Will Paul Poiret Become Comercialized?---Great Dutch Collection Coming Here

There was almost no laughter except from a few boulevardiers who had evidently wandered in by mistake, but the two principal exhibits attracted a great deal of puzzled attention. The large "Futurista" seemed to be, in a phrase, the result of a studio fire in which a fat Buddhistic grotesque had become melted and fused with other of the studio properties, including bits of an iron fence. The other work was frankly called a "Fusion of a Head and a Cross" and there was not only a ghastly portion of a face, but bits of wire and a hank of real hair. The young people looked at these things solemnly fore and aft and the older men present seemed honestly to want to know. So when the sculptor appeared there was much crowding forward of the standees and a hushed attention.

Signor Boccioni suffered, it could be seen at once, from stage fright. After a few terrible seconds he said, "No, I cannot," and tried to flee. Signor Marinetti himself restrained him. Boccioni explained that he could not speak, because the people were too near and there was no table. It was true, there was no table. All speakers have a table. A young lady (Persian) arose and gave the lecturer her chair. Fortified by the chair the speaker endeavored once more to be "contradictory." He succeeded with a vengeance.

"I have ideas," he said in his best French, "but I cannot speak your words. I know you are not interested in ideas."

The audience shouted with laughter, but the kind hearted among them said, "Au contraire, monsieur! au contraire!"

When the lecturer realized the mistake he had made he again tried to get away and was again restrained by his friends on the platform.

"Rodin no longer exists in art," shouted Boccioni [laughter and cheers], "that is, in modern art. Impressionism tries to represent the form in action with the form that one sees in repose. [Cries, "That is true!"] The speaker himself wishes to absolutely decompose the figure and give the real impression of movement by means of the modern dynamics."

The speaker alluded to the cubist works in terms of praise, calling it French art. At that a slim young man standing on one of the pinnacles of benches shouted out in clear and cutting tones:

"You call that French art! It is the work of a dozen fools!"

Instantly there is a riot. Shouts, cries and catcalls. The mob presses upon the speaker. A young lady slaps him upon the face. Italians on the platform try vainly to be heard. Cries of "a la porte." All of those things that Mr. Dooley said happened at the Dreyfus trial actually did happen at Signor Boccioni's contradictory conference.

When the audience tires of shrieking the young man on the topmost bench it turns again to Boccioni, but Boccioni says the conference is over—he is too thirsty to talk more.

"What an Italian trait that is," a young man says. "He is charmingly Italian."

There are more shouts from people who wish more information. The young ladies, the old men, the Syrians and Persians all join with loud voices. The lights are lowered in an effort to induce the audience to disperse.

Suddenly the cold clear voice of the interrupter who started the riot is heard above the tumult:

"Signor Boccioni, we understand that you do not speak French well, but we do not mind that. We do not agree with all your arguments, but thank you for your efforts. You have produced a belle occasion!"

ART EXHIBITIONS.

A comprehensive exhibition of the recent work of Albert E. Sterner is announced to be shown at the Brooks Reed Galleries in Boston, and will include many new lithographs and portraits.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art has issued an "educational" pamphlet in addition to its monthly bulletin for September, in which suggestions are given of the manner in which the museum's treasures of art may be made available for public school supplementary instruction. The museum has extended its work more and more along these lines within recent years, and every facility is given to instructors who wish to carry out special schemes of study with their pupils. The bulletin contains several essays by specialists recounting their methods and results, which will be found of use by teachers who are directing their pupils to the museum for the first time.

Talks will be given to teachers of New York separately in the order in which the applications are received, up to thirty for any one group. Extra appointments will be made as necessary. Teachers may secure tickets for an entire course or for separate appointments, but are asked to indicate this in their applications.

The first of these courses for teachers in the elementary schools is intended to present material in such form as to make it directly available for use with children. Suggestions and methods of approach will be given for teachers bringing classes afterward to see the objects, of using photographs in the class room. The dates and subjects for the series are:

October 14—"Life and Customs in Early Egypt."
October 21—"The Parthenon, Including Myths and Customs as Seen in its Sculptures."
October 28—"A Roman House."
November 4—"A Mediæval Knight, His Castle, Furnishings and Armor."
November 11—"The Holland of Our Dutch Settlers."
November 18—"Portraits and Furniture of Our Colonial Days."

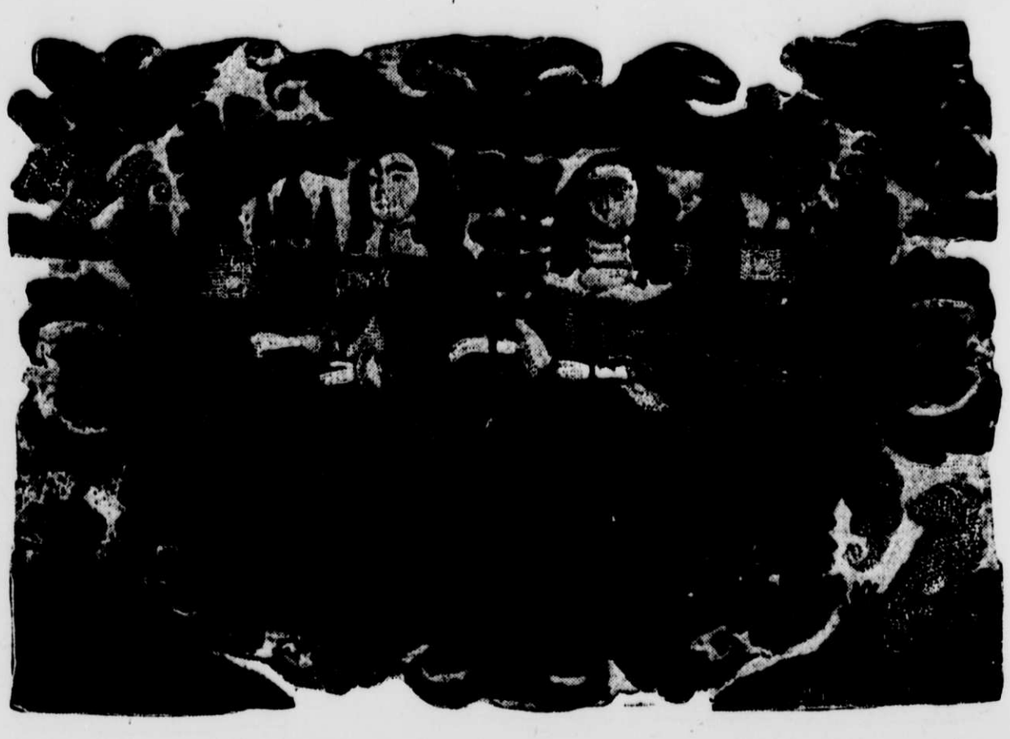
A second course designed to assist high school teachers of histogy and literature will consist of an intimate study of objects in the museum, under Miss Fenton. The dates and subjects are:

October 23. Greece.
October 30. Rome.
November 6. Middle Ages.
November 13. Renaissance Architecture and Sculpture.
November 20. Renaissance Painting.
December 4 and 11. Modern Painting.
December 18. Modern Sculpture.

Still a third course, beginning February 19, has been arranged for the study of painting for high school teachers. The names and addresses of those wishing to enter should be sent to the museum's assistant secretary before October 4, 1903, or February 7, 1914.

Miss Sage has been collecting in Europe this summer an important group of pieces by Constantin Meunier, the sculptor, for an exhibition at the Albright Gallery, Buffalo.

The exhibitions of the work of Leon Bakst and also the Austro-Hungarian-Bohemian show, with both of which the Berlin Photographic Company expects to greatly astonish us, are to make a circuit of the other cities, showing in Buffalo at the Albright Gallery, in Chicago at the Art Museum and in St. Louis at the City Art Museum. To an objection that the title of the "Austro-Hungarian-Bohemian Exhibition" was an unwieldy, impracticable mouthful, Mr. Birnbaum replied that no other was possible, that no one title would fit these several states and peoples. The jealousies of the countries enters into the question also. One artist, a Moravian, flatly refused to exhibit when he learned that the hated Bohemians were part of it. He will appear, however, in the show, for the Berlin Photographic Company obtained some of his works by purchase.



Old English embroidery in collection just opened at Muesum of Art.

Justice Edgar M. Cullen, Master Mind at Sulzer Impeachment Trial

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boys with patriotic urgings. The Union army, cut in two like the country by the defection of the Southerns, was looking right and left for educated young men as officers. Hence the boy's deep anxiety to be at work for his country, backed by the family's influence, procured from Abraham Lincoln a commission as Second Lieutenant in the First United States Infantry and so, a regular, on March 24, 1862, he was off to the war.

The regiment was with Grant, then in his Mississippi campaign, and Edgar saw fight at Corinth, Farmington and the siege of Vicksburg. Like so many of the bright young spirits, North and South, he quickly fell in with the soldier's trade. It was the day of quick promotions and the way was generally through the ranks of the volunteer army. New regiments were forming every day and officers who had smelt powder in the field and showed the commanding spirit were in demand. Here again his friends and family could help him in helping the cause. He was named by Gov. Morgan as Colonel commanding the Ninety-sixth New York Infantry on December 26, 1862, when he was just turned 19!

Down with the Army of the Potomac the regiment went in due time, and stood under fire with the famous Eighteenth Corps till Grant came crowding down to capture Petersburg, then "on to Richmond." They used to say of the brilliant young soldier that "he had gained the colonelcy before gaining his majority," but it was no joke to Edgar. He asked no excuse for himself because of his youth.

One hot day of fight a ball lodged in his hip, doing some damage there. He was invalided and sent home, and his slight limp since has remained to turn comment into congratulation when the hardy inquirer learned the leaden cause. He had in the natural course been promoted First Lieutenant in the regular army in 1863, although serving as Colonel of volunteers, so when mustered out of the latter after Appomattox it was necessary for him to resign from the United States service, which he did April 9, 1865, a fortnight after he had ceased to be Colonel. He went with a bound into civil life.

His uncle, Alexander McCue, was in railroad building as well as law, and Edgar at 22, three years of campaigning behind him, is described as tall and slender, with square chin, keen eyes and a brisk soldierly manner. He was charged with the construction of the South Side Railroad, now and long a part of the Long Island Railroad system. Years after, in the height of the bicycling craze, when wheeling out on the Merrick road, it was his wont to regale his companions, offenest lawyers, Judge Marean, for instance, with stories of his feats, his difficulties and their mastering in that vicinity—obiter dicta, over the handle bars, so to speak.

It was then the figure of justice raised her bandage and cast an inviting glance at the young engineer as he went by on his way home. His uncle advised him to study law—there were special allurements. At it he went as he had gone at his art course, his engineering, his army round—hammer and tongs. He studied law practice in his uncle's office and the theory of law out of office hours. It was easier then, no doubt, to get a lawyer's parchment in New York State than it is now. Weird stories of sham examinations leading to sudden shingles outside unaccustomed offices were common then, but it is extremely doubtful that Edgar M. Cullen in 1867, when he was "called to the bar," needed any hocus pocus to push him through.

He became at once a member of the firm of McCue, Hall & Cullen. It was the touchstone of fortune for him. Five years he had been at dairyman's work, but here, he felt, was his career. There was a lively all round practice to keep him busy, and study of law, its ramifications, its history became his passion. He prospered, took occasional part in discreet Brooklyn festivities, where one heard the word "cultured" as a shibboleth, and professors and parsons were petted, and famous lecturers were listened to with slight and becoming smiles, "after which home and to bed" was the rule. oN one tells now of any romance in this busy life. Perhaps there was. At any rate while the law firm was increasing its business and its profits and the rest of the Heights was marrying and giving in marriage no wedding bells were rung then or ever for the prospering Edgar.

Politics was not neglected by any member of the firm—haute politique of Brooklyn, one may say, not the vulgar rough and tumble of the ward factions, but politics wherein the protagonists sit in exemplary glass cases and pose for the call of the givers of honors, making a "telling" address now and then, and by times giving the elbow of the local Providence a nudge. It was the custom in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and why not in Brooklyn? Thus it was soon City Judge McCue, with a comfortable practice left to his nephew, whose fortune thereafter took new rising flights, and who became in time a leader among his legal brethren and a light among the citizens of Brooklyn.

What was noteworthy about the process by which he attained such celebrity as he won was that it was done without personal display. Never obscure personally, he shrank from exhibition of himself. He wonderfully drew the line between modest and shy. No call of duty or service deterred him but no inducement could draw him an inch beyond in the matter of paying tribute with his person to the courtier gods. He worked with real devotion and got results from his own work and from the work of those whom he directed with rare celerity.

In 1872, when he was 29, he was made Assistant District Attorney of Kings county, and so served until 1875, when he returned with vigor to his partially intermitted private practice. He went into politics a little, but behold his really great work during these working years was the building of Character. It rose with integrity, intrepidity, independence as its sure foundation.

He was a Democrat, as his father had been, and trained with the Democracy. His reputation for legal knowledge and acumen grew in that cumulative way all solid reputations grow, slowly but surely taking in a wider area. Gov. Samuel J. Tilden knew him and appointed him Engineer in Chief with the rank of Brigadier-General—a personal staff appointment—in 1875. The law did not on that recall of an earlier career lose a luminary.

In 1880 his judicial career began. The Democrats of the Second Judicial district nominated him and elected him Justice of the Supreme Court for a term of fourteen years. He has never since left the bench. The qualities already indicated were all put to service for the State. Impatient only of trifling with the time of the court, insisting on the diligence he himself exhibited, he showed an urbanity to counsel, witnesses and contestants which is and has been the model of its kind.

Big in person always, he filled out and rounded out physically as well as mentally. He was a generous liver, a liker of good food and delectable drink. He loved a good cigar. A sister when their parents passed away took his well-being in charge. Remaining unmarried, like all her sisters, she still continues her care of him, complaining only now and then that "Edgar insists on dinner on Sunday at 8 P. M. like any other day, and you know what that means." Yes, we know. But now, alas, Edgar's rations are limited. Good eating has its penalties. The dreadful, beneficial cutting off this and that from the daily food supply and dish delight and the grim substitution of this, that and the other "hygienic" horror for the toothsome and the delicate have their way of him.

In the '80s, however, he lived a fine life of splendid effort, unceasing work with study as its chief interlude, and a holiday in the open air when he could get it. No doubt this is the life of many of our Judges, not at all singular in Judge Cullen's case, but it went with undoubtedly great qualities in him. He was, on the human side, a member of the Hamilton and Brooklyn clubs of Brooklyn and of the University Club of New York. Most perhaps he enjoyed the dinners, little and big, to which these and other clubs incline, and, outside his judicial work, was at his best in the clash of keen wits around the mahogany. Always willing to talk luminously and able to talk freely so long as it was in the nature of conversation, his hesitations and almost awkwardness when an important occasion called him to his feet filled his friends with delight, as one would enjoy a great chess player failing ludicrously at mumble peg, if one, under all the august circumstances, may say so.

It would not be pertinent or possible in a brief review to recall the chief cases that came to his hand in that first term of service. It was Judge Cullen who issued the injunction in the McKane case which drove the corrupt gang from the polls at Gravesend, the injunction which was rashly met by the declaration that "injunctions don't go here," and ended by landing McKane in Sing Sing. It was Judge Cullen who decided the Emans contempt case from Dutchess county, which led to the downfall of Maynard, then Deputy Attorney-General, and to a general Democratic defeat at the polls. In vain had Gov. David B. Hill nominated Maynard for the Court of Appeals.

As these judicial acts had redounded to the profit of the Republican party it was not surprising that in 1894, a year afterward, they nominated him to succeed himself. There was some dissent, but it went through. He had not, however, lost caste with the Democrats on account of his decisions. They renominated him also and his election was unanimous.

By now his qualities were widely understood. He was "mentioned" for many high offices—the Governorship, for example. He was seriously considered by President Cleveland for the United States Supreme Court. Judge Cullen's uncle, Judge McCue, had been Solicitor of the Treasury in Cleveland's first term. It remained for Gov. Roosevelt to lift him out of Brooklyn and his residence in Willow street by appointing him and two others in 1900 to the Court of Appeals, while still remaining Justices of the Supreme Court. His diligence, his ability in "clearing the docket," as well as his legal learning, helped Roosevelt to a conclusion. It was well done, however, for in 1904 both parties in the State found but one name for Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals when Alton B. Parker laid down the ermine to take the Democratic nomination for President.

Justice Rudd of the Supreme Court, whose home is in Albany, told a characteristic story of this campaign at Monticello the other day.

"There was an old and battered looking dock tender at the Big Moose landing, just the quietest looking old chap. One day as I came ashore, the solitary arrival, he said to me: 'Say, is it true they're goin' to run Ed Cullen for the Co't of Appeals?'

"'Yes,' I answered, 'they'll surely run Judge Cullen, but why call him Ed?'

"'It's his name, ain't it? He's just the finest man an' I reckon he'll go plum through. I served four years with him—h'm, under him—in the war.' So there was a certificate back of a whole generation of certificates."

The stories one hears of his methods in the Court of Appeals are characteristic. The court sits on Mondays and between the late adjournment and the next morning the siting Judges are expected to have gone over the cases heard. They write the opinions in rotation and all assembled on Tuesday morning, at the round table in their rooms.

The Chief Judge opens the record of a case and asks the designated Judge to discuss it. At the slightest sign that the consideration has been merely cursory or nil, slam go the leaves of the record and another case is instantly taken up. Under this practice sternly pursued, an amount of work is urged upon the other members of the court which expedites the perpetual effort to clear the calendar—the military touch.

No one, as I have said, gets more quickly at the meat of a case. Leaning forward, one hand cupped behind his ear, he listens with apparent eagerness, turning over the brief before him with the other hand. Suddenly he breaks in on the laboring speaker and says, "See here, what about this?" something at the very heart of the question. And all this in such courtesy and helpfulness that no one can take offence.

For all his quickness and almost weird certainty he has sometimes had a marked second thought. In 1892, while still on the Supreme Court bench, a damage case was tried before him. A man had been killed at a Long Island Railroad crossing (God wot they are doing it yet!) and the Justice sustained a motion to dismiss on the ground that there had been contributory negligence. Thinking the case over, Justice Cullen was not satisfied with his decision. Accordingly he wrote the plaintiff's counsel requesting him to move for a new trial on the ground that the dismissal was contrary to the law and the evidence. The lawyer in dumfounded joy did so at once.

"What!" said the railroad lawyer, boiling over. "How dare he make such a motion! Before the very Justice who dismissed the case!"

"This motion is made at my request," said the Judge, quietly tapping the desk. The new trial was granted.

No Judge better knows how time can be wasted in recriminations, and one need not go further back than the present case to relish his recognition of that simple but often ineffectual fact. Nothing could be in better taste and form than his mildly cynical reproof to the counsel who was berating Judge Herrick for certain eccentricities of pleading—comparing the expressions of Herrick pro Sulzer with Herrick pro somebody else.

"There is no profit in these personalities. Surely in what a lawyer has argued to-day there is no estoppel to what he may argue to-morrow."

So the case goes on in pomp, for America, the Judges in flowing silk gowns, the Chief Judge "like a king," the Senate very meek and attentive. Before him in argument his predecessor in the high office he holds—a candidate for President. Judges of note, when in office, keen minds discussing whether a Governor of a great State shall be proclaimed unfit to hold office or shall be restored to his high place, because certain pitiful moneys went astray.

The presiding Judge who peers down on the assembled court of impeachment so "like a king" is looking forward, they say, to a life of quiet and rest after the first of January next in Washington, where he owns a handsome house, and is not thinking of returning to Willow street, Brooklyn, or remaining in his tasteful Albany residence. His Albany clubs, his Brooklyn clubs, his New York clubs will know him not often thereafter.

It is too soon, it is not the place, to make comparison between Judge Cullen and another long time Judge in Brooklyn—the late Mayor Gaynor. Their careers touched at certain points, and there are points of likeness as well as contrast. The present advantage anyway is with the presiding Judge, and long may it be so.

"Magnolias," by J. J. Shannon. Loaned to Metropolitan Museum of Art by George A. Hearn.